

## MR. DOOLEY DISCUSSES WAR

By F. P. Dunne

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it's wonderful what that man Andrew Carnagie can do."

"What's he been up to iv late?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He's been abolishin' war," said Mr. Dooley. "Be all accounts there'll be no more war. Peace hangs over th' wurld. Tiddy Rosenfelt has turned his Colt's forty-four into a flute an' plays on it under th' moon. Th' Improv Wilum is larin' th' game iv croaky. They're goin' to disband th' armies iv rywhere an' sind th' sojers back to wurruk at th' arts iv Peace."

"An' Andrew did it all. A good man, a great little man, finest advertisement iv oats, Caledonia's favorite son an' a product that Pittsburg ought to be glad she turned out. He done it all, th' fine little man. He got a grudge agin War as a pursoot. He pitched in his mind thousands iv young men throwin' down th' useful pick an' shovel an' takin' up th' more asly carrid rifle an' exchange-in th' hon'ble blue overalls an' red flannel shirt fr th' degradin' khaki an' yellow boots an' slouch hat with sabres crossed on it, an' goin' off on a thrain without payin' anny fare, an' th' thought filled him with horror."

"War certainly is hell, as Gin'ral Sherman said with a smile. What cud ye imagine more dreadful thin a young man that has had his life consecrated to hon'ble toil chasin' off to th' ignominious pursoot iv arms. Today he is sarvin' th' country well be pushin' a small truckload iv soft coal up an incline that Barnum ought to have in his circus fr th' loop th' loop lady, or in jyin' a quite afternoon in July blowin' iv glass, or thrippin' lightly fr'm car to car on a fast freight an' sometimes gettin' under th' viaduct an' sometimes hurtin' it with his head. If he on'y knew it, he's a man we ought to be proud iv. He's a man we ar-re proud iv. He's a man Andrew Carnagie wud be glad to be up to an' grasp him be th' hand an' say to him: 'Thank ye, me good fellow; go back to wurruk now.'"

"But somebody comes along an' blows

a bugle, th' newspapers tell him that 'tis up to ivrybody not engaged in th' dissimulation iv news to strike war blow fr his country's honor an' th' foolish aryzan says to himself: 'Be hivers this looks good to me. I'll be fine in th' kind iv clothes th' boss wears whim he comes down to th' foundry fr'm a ride in th' park. It'll be gr-reat fun, somethin' like a bricklayer's picnic at Willow Springs, but not so dangerous to human life. I am fr war, an' maybe Mary Ellen McGraw that's so struck on that fresh fellow in injine town will see me whin I march away an' know that many a true heart beats outside iv th' fire department.'"

"An' so he tells th' foreman what he thinks iv him an' his family away back, an' many a man buys him a shrink an' he enlists an' gets into free clothes that he used to rent fr a dollar fr th' Mardy Gras Ball at Flinocane's hall. An' he marches through th' streets with th' banners wavin' above him an' maybe th' boss lookin' on an' sayin': 'There goes wan iv me fellows. If I didn't have so many inthrests at stake, I'd like to lead him. He'd follow me through hell, an' ye bet he wud, too, an' often wisht that he'd have a chance some day. An' he comes to th' deapo where cr-r-rows he niver knew shak-him be th' hand, an' his father an' mother cry over him, an' strange ladies pass up to him baskets full iv th' kind iv food he niver saw before except at surprise parties, an' he hivers, there standin' on a truck is Mary Ellen McGraw."

"She is thyrin' to attract his attin-tion, takin' a handkerchief out iv her mouth an' wavin' it an' thin puttin' it in her mouth again till she thinks she's caught his eye an' thin wavin' it furiously, an' half gigglin' an' half cryin' all th' time. He sees her, but he don't let on until he can't stand it anny longer, an' thin he gives her a surprised look an' hollers out: 'Why, Miss McGraw, hello there; an' whin th' whistle blows an' th' thrain pulls out he doffs his hat carelessly as an old sojer shud, an' Mary Ellen waved her handkerchief so far forward she falls off the truck

an' tells th' hayro iv th' hose cart that she will go home alone with her grief, thank ye, an' th' fire fighter goes back to th' injine house an' fairly throws away a game of dominoes with th' pipe-man."

"'Tis this thrajedy that Andrew has broken up. An' he's right. Ye look on this here young fellow as a hayro. Andrew an' me look on him as a deserter. That's what he is, too. He's left his proud position in th' industreel army. He's abandoned his post. He's quit Andrew. He ain't to blame. I'll say this fr Andrew, he blames nobody. Ivrybody is all right. They are doin' th' best they can, poor things. He wudn't fight a sojer. He wud cross th' street rather thin have a controversey with wan iv them excellent but ill-informed men. It is not th' sojer but th' thing itself he hates. War! An' awful thing. Why not, if two nations quarrel give wan iv them an option on th' other? That'd fix it. Anythin' ye can't do with an option ain't worth doin'. So he wrote a letter to all th' other crowned heads in th' wuruld an' asked them to sind dillygates to a peace conference."

"Improv Willum replied: 'Dear Andrew, it is thure that ye have so much money? If so, am glad to hear fr'm ye. Me wan drem in th' wuruld is peace. I sind ye as a ripresentative iv our high-born nation to help along our drem. Fraxlein Lulu Schmitz, who has charge iv me wife's, th' impress iv Germany, who may Gawd defend in her title as I will with this strong right arm iv mine an' th' blood iv th' German people, her collection iv pressed flowers in an album.'"

"Th' Prsident iv France fr th' moment wrote: 'Sheer Andrew, I embrace ye. I have selected fr ye're conference an excellent man, a dear little fellow, Moosoo Fineserb, author iv that so-theerful essay: 'The Cat, His Food.' Th' King iv England wrote: 'Dear Andrew, p'raps ye will recall me as havin' wanst passed a night in ye're house. I niver knew what become iv me tooth brush till I heard th' other day that ye had it hung in ye're parlor in a gold

frame. Niver mind returnin' it. I have another. As far as war is concerned, I agree with ye entirely. I know to th' full th' horrors fr I have sivyenty-eight uniforms, an' all iv thim tight. I hate th' pomp an' ceremony iv a belt. Fr me peace an' superduper. I wish I cud sind a sojer to ye're festive meetin'. But they are all busy puttin' down rebellions iv me loyal subjacks in varyous parts iv th' wuruld. However, I have silycted as me ripresentative a well known oculist, whose name escapes me fr th' prsint."

"An' Teddy Rosenfelt wrote: 'I am so sorry I can't attend ye're conference, but I'm goin' out to see th' target practice. I know well th' horrors iv war. As I marched up San Juan Hill—but why go into details? I will on'y say that anny man in Wall Street will tell ye that th' late war with Spain did more to injure this country thin annythin' that has happened since I don't know whin. I will be ripresented at th' conference be me old frind Doctor Elliot iv Harvard, left tackle in th' team iv fifty-three.'"

"Th' dillygates gathered fr'm far an' near. Andrew paid their fares. Andrew met thim at th' boat an' give thim spendin' money. It was Andrew that took thim in throlley cars out to see th' stuffed animals an' th' bones iv pre-historic monsters in th' museums. His idea is to make Peace thruly attractive an' gay, an' fr th' meetin' he put up this allurin' program:

Chairman—A. Carnagie.  
Openin' Invocation—Andrew.  
Speech iv Welcome—Th' Chairman.  
Song—A. Carnagie.  
Oration—A. Carnagie.  
Bag Pipe Solo, 'Th' Palms'—Th' Chairman.  
Presentation iv medals to Andrew Carnagie be th' Chairman.  
Response—A. Carnagie.  
Incidental music, electric lights, railroad fares, scenery, costumes, food, an' drink, be—Andrew Carnagie.  
"I'll not thry to tell ye what was done at th' meetin'. Ye've read about it in th' pa-pers. Th' dillygates pledged

themselves to call upon their respective nations to beat their swords into plowshares, which Andrew Carnagie agreed to float on th' market as soon as money got a little aliser. At th' end iv th' meetin' th' Fr-rinch ripresentative crept around behind Andrew an' garrotted him with th' Legend iv Honor. This is a rare dignity fr Fr-rance to bestow an annywan. It admits Andrew to a society that includes Packin', the well-known dhressmaker; two reaper manufacturers fr'm Chicago, a cilly-brated English pickle maker, an' Jacques, th' best barber in all Paris. But it was an honor well arned. Th' total cost iv th' entertainment, includin' bus fare, new umbrells, restorin' lost eye-glasses, grool in th' rooms, etc., was wan hundred an' fifty thousand dollars, an' that, me frind on a newspaper tells me, is about th' equivalent iv twenty cents an agate line next to pure readin' matter. Very reasonable."

"It's a sad thing to say, Hinnessy, but d'ye know th' poplace didn't seem to take this here epoch-makin' event with much enthusement. Whin th' conf'rence broke up ye'd expect to see th' streets lined with people waitin' fr th' hayroes to emerge. I thought hundreds iv posilmen wud be required to keep back th' dense crowd iv peace lovers that wud pack th' sidewalks. Women an' chil-dren bring their lunches, an' perch on th' front stoops iv th' houses. Th' windows are filled with bright an' eager faces. Suddenly a band composed iv two hundred harps an' as many flutes strikes up a stirrin' lullaby, an' th' gallant defenders iv our hearths come down through a line iv cheerin' humanity. 'Who's that marchin' ahead with th' steady measured trot iv a seasoned peace lover, that splendid figure near five feet high, with a face bronzed by thousands iv compliments? It can't be; yet it is. It's Andrew. It's Andrew, girls, hooray! An' as th' hayro that has stieched a million bathtries toddles by with his head bowed, th' posilmen blow him kisses, thousands iv white flags are waved, th' heart iv many a young men beats faster at th' thought that some

day he, too, may sell out to a thrust, an' Admiral Farragut climbs down fr'm his pedestal an' is seen runnin' fr th' river."

"But it didn't happen that way at all. Th' country went to bed unusually early on that fatal night. No wan thought iv callin' up th' newspaper office an' askin' if there was anny news from th' Peace conf'rence. I looked to see somethin' comin' out on th' ticker, but th' ticker was full iv a shameful account iv a fight between two fellows named Burke an' Sullivan. I don't care fr these things. They disgust me, thim barbarous exhibitions, but I do think that if Sullivan had kept his man off with his left an' not thried to mix it he might've—but what am I talkin' about."

"I'm sorry th' destruction iv war has been raycelved with no more enthusement thin a raypoort iv th' fish commission in Arizony. But so it is, An' d'ye know, I've begun to have a suspicion that War may be more pop'lar thin some iv us thinks. It's been goin' on fr a good many years. Hogan tells me there was a peace conference in Rome so many years ago that it must've been before my time, an' Joolyas Cay-capt sint his regards to it be a man he'd captured in Bilium. I'm not fr war; I'm again it. But what am I goin' to do with th' young fellows? If there was wan man under sixty at th' Peace Conference I'd have a little somethin' down on Universal Peace. War ain't fr th' old. Their business is set back practisin' checkers, sage advice an' usury."

"But to a lad war's a picnic. If he didn't feel that way there wudn't be anny wars."

"Ye can't convince th' kind iv young fellow that ye get fr sojers that it's a perilous occypation. He knows it ain't, compared with th' kind he's used to. Larkin's th' figures, an' he can prove to ye that anny man brak'in on a first-class American railroad listed on th' New York Stock Exchange has about five times as good a chance to be kilt as th' most inthrepid sojer. How many old railroad men d'ye see around? An' how many vetrans iv th' Grand Army iv th' Raypublic? I know 'tis wrong fr a conscript in th' industreel army,

who's detailed to th' important post iv cannin' white lead to fly his jooty whin he's called upon to go out an' shoot fr'm behind a three at foreigners that he used to throw bricks at, but ye can't prove it to him. War fr this boy is three, four or five years iv th' kind iv a time he has fr a week ivry year whin him an' Billy Walsh an' old Stub-b Schwartz goes off campin' at Twin Lakes."

"An' th' ladies! What ar-re ye goin' to do about thim? Ar-re ye goin' to abolish th' ladies whin ye abolish War? I know pawnbrokin' is a more hon'rab' profession thin war, but I niver see anny bright glances iv th' fair directed at me frind Mose. I've seen thim hand him ivrythin' else, but niver an eye. Th' ladies wud keep war goin' if ivry-body else was again it. In me day I was no badge-horse meself whin it come to pop'larity with th' sex, but whin-iver I see a coat with brass buttons wipin' its feet on th' dure-mat I reached under th' chair fr me hat. If I stayed, I know I'd have to put in th' avenin' talkin' with th' old man about his rheumatism."

"Yes, sir, ye're again war, an' so am I, an' so is ivrybody who knows th' way to th' distints. But ye'll niver get th' foolish an' frivolous young to give it up till ye practice th' rule laid down be th' newspapers fr th' agonized wife who writes in to ask how to keep her husband fr'm goin' out nights: 'Make th' home as comfortable as th' saloon.' An' if ye really want to know what th' chances ar-re iv Permanent Peace ask ye'er son Packy which he'd rather be whin he grows up to be a big man—Gin'ral Grant or Andrew Carnagie. An' they're both th' same size."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy, "war is a turn-bow. I had a cousin; he was a steeple jack, that was kilt at Gettysburg, an' he might've lived to an advanced age—"

"If," said Mr. Dooley, "he had lived Peace, as Hogan says, has its victims less renowned thin war."

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## ELPH' HEWLITT AND "BY JOCKS"

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Old "By Jocks" Edmiston was in bed when Eliph' Hewlitt, the little book agent, called at the farmhouse, and his daughter was busy putting up strawberry jam. She was in no good temper, for a kettle of strawberries had scorched while she had been upstairs for a minute to see "By Jocks" shuffle off the mortal coil, and she had just got another lot of strawberries on the stove, and "By Jocks" was yelling down the stairs for her to come up and hold his head while he dropped off into the eternal.

He was a chronic deceiver and got a dying spell every so often, but they didn't usually work out. He generally began to die about the time his daughter got her hands so full of work that it was a nuisance to have him dying, and he would go ahead and keep up the death scene until he got tired lying in bed, and then he would get up and do a good day's work and feel better.

"Now, I ain't got no time to buy books, nor yet to look at books," she said sharply. "I've got my hands full with these berries and pa upstairs with one of them foolish dyin' spells of his. Just you go right along and don't bother me."

She wiped her heated face with her apron and plunged a wooden spoon into the kettle of berries. "Oh, pa, do be still for one minute, won't you?" she called. "You don't give me a minute's rest. I'll be up in plenty of time. You lie still and let me finish this job, and I'll come right up. Please do!"

The quavering voice came down the stairs, calling, "Mary, come up!" and she wrung her hands.

"Land's sakes!" she moaned. "He won't be still 'til I go up. I never see such a man! I just can't leave these berries!" and then she saw the little book agent still standing with his face against the screen door. "Would you mind goin' up and keepin' pa amused until I get these berries in the cans?" she asked. "Try to sell him a book, or do anything you want to, so you keep him busy. I'm plumb bothered to death, and every time he yells down I git more nervous."

She opened the screen door and the little book agent stepped carefully into the kitchen.

"Right up them steps," she said, and he went as she directed.

"By Jocks" was lying in bed with the covers drawn up to his neck, and he raised his head and looked at Eliph' Hewlitt as the book agent entered.

"Come up to see me die?" he asked angrily. "Well, I guess it's about time somebody was comin'. I never knew such a family as I've got. They don't care a cent, by Jocks, whether I die all alone up here or not. Every time I git a dyn' spell they all go and git busy. A man can't die like he ought to in such a family. Every time I git ready to drop off, and feel I am goin', they go to puttin' up fruit or something, by Jocks! And they been doin' that way for the last thirty years. I'm gettin' tired of it."

"Others man claim they have a book like this," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "but they haven't. There ain't no other book like it in the world. If there was I wouldn't come up here and try to sell you a copy. It wouldn't be worth my while, because you wouldn't buy it. But as soon as I heard you was dyin' I come right up. I seen it was my duty. 'Here is this man,' I says to myself, 'up there dyin', and all alone by hisself, and liable to drop off any minute, and he hasn't got a copy of this book to brighten his dyin' moments. It ain't right, I says, 'I oughtn't to go up and disturb him,' I says, 'but I will, for if I don't he may be dead in a few minutes and then he'll never have an other chance to buy a copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art, and the man that hasn't owned a copy of this book can't die happy.'"

The old man in the bed lifted his head slowly and stared at Eliph' Hewlitt with open mouth. Then he laid his head on the pillow, but immediately lifted it again and took another look. The book agent beamed at him kindly through his spectacles. The old man dropped back on the pillow.

"By Jocks!" he said, dazedly. "The price, complete," said Eliph' Hewlitt, "is five dollars, one dollar down and one dollar a month until paid. I sell most that way, but for them that don't expect to live long enough to pay up by the month I make a special price of four-fifty, cash. Some folks don't like to die off and leave debts for their folks to pay. You get the very same book for four-fifty, cash, that you get for five dollars, easy payments. And I'll do more than that for you. Generally I just take the order and send it in to Nek York, causing a delay in delivery of from one to two weeks, but if you are in a hurry I'll make an exception for you and deliver a copy out of the few I have in my buggy. That will give time for you to look it over, and it will be right here to lay on the center table, where it will look nice, and help to amuse and instruct them that come to the funeral. There is nothing looks better at a funeral than a high class book like this on the center table."

"By Jocks" raised his head slightly and stole a glance at the book agent. He was greatly interested. For thirty years he had been dying regularly about once a month, and people had begun to lose faith in his dyings, but here was a man who took him as he should be taken. There is nothing so pleasing to a man who makes a specialty of deathbeds as to be taken in earnest.

"I know this book," said Eliph' Hewlitt, opening it at the illuminated frontispiece and running his hand lovingly over the page, "and that's why I offer it to you. If I didn't know it so well I wouldn't come up here and disturb your last moments this way. But I do know it, from cover to cover, including all the ten thousand and one subjects mentioned in the classified index, and I know there ain't any other book that is so creditable for a man to have behind him for his dear ones to cherish after he is gone. If you ain't got any good book already laid away for your dear ones to cherish, I recommend this one. You can't get a book anythink like as satisfactory to leave for an heirloom as this one is for anythink like the price. It fills all the requirements of a first-class, high-toned volume, and the price is only four-fifty, cash."

"By Jocks" sat up in bed and groaned. He sat up because he was interested, and he groaned to show that he was not able to sit up.

"Take the 'Five Hundred Noble Thoughts from the World's Great Authors, Including the Peace and Poetical Gems of All Ages,' page 664," said

Eliph' Hewlitt, turning to that page. "What could comfort the dying man better than that could? No man should die without them five hundred noble thoughts, containing as they do all the grand and great things that have been written, from Homer to Mister Dooley. How many men have died without having a favorite poem picked out for his family to have a verse of it cut on his tombstone! And here in this one volume is plenty to select from, so that each and every man can pick out the kind he likes best, whether wit, humor, pathos, sentiment, religious, political or oratorical. All that is necessary for a man that is pressed for time, like you are, is to take a pencil and mark any one he wants to have treasured up as his favorite. A nice way to do is to expire with his hand in the book right at the favorite poem. It gives the minister a good start for his sermon. Have you thought any about your dyin' words?"

"Hey?" asked "By Jocks," leaning forward.

"Dying words," said Eliph' Hewlitt. "Too many neglect that until it is too late, and then they don't have any. Every man should have a good saying or two to use as dying words. All the great men do it. There's a good collection to choose from in this book. Page 749, 'Lives of All the World's Great Men, from Adam to Roosevelt, with the Dying Words of Them That is Dead,' gives all of them, with new ones added

as fast as they die and say them. It saves a lot of worry to be able to pick out a set of dying words that have been tried and found satisfactory. It is worth the price of the book for that alone."

"I ain't long for this world," said "By Jocks," mournfully.

"I can see that," remarked Eliph' Hewlitt, cheerfully. "I can see that you are pretty near dead now and liable to go any minute, and that's why you ought to get a copy of this book just as soon as I will let you have it. After you are dead it's too late to study up what your dying words are going to be. Too many people put it off right along, and then when it comes time to say a few appropriate last words they can't think of anything, and everybody stands around waiting for them to say them words that shall be treasured up and repeated, and the man in the bed gets all flustered and worried and ends up by saying something foolish. It ain't the right way to treat folks. A man that ain't a specialist in dyin' words shouldn't take the risk of speakin' extemporaneous that way. He late, and then they don't have any. Every man should have a good saying or two to use as dying words. All the great men do it. There's a good collection to choose from in this book. Page 749, 'Lives of All the World's Great Men, from Adam to Roosevelt, with the Dying Words of Them That is Dead,' gives all of them, with new ones added

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"I ain't long for this world," said "By Jocks," mournfully.

"I can see that," remarked Eliph' Hewlitt, cheerfully. "I can see that you are pretty near dead now and liable to go any minute, and that's why you ought to get a copy of this book just as soon as I will let you have it. After you are dead it's too late to study up what your dying words are going to be. Too many people put it off right along, and then when it comes time to say a few appropriate last words they can't think of anything, and everybody stands around waiting for them to say them words that shall be treasured up and repeated, and the man in the bed gets all flustered and worried and ends up by saying something foolish. It ain't the right way to treat folks. A man that ain't a specialist in dyin' words shouldn't take the risk of speakin' extemporaneous that way. He late, and then they don't have any. Every man should have a good saying or two to use as dying words. All the great men do it. There's a good collection to choose from in this book. Page 749, 'Lives of All the World's Great Men, from Adam to Roosevelt, with the Dying Words of Them That is Dead,' gives all of them, with new ones added

words, if she won't. A man can't die quiet and peaceful in this house without havin' his daughter rise him all up and get his mind into a state where it ain't fit to die. I want that book on the dollar a month plan," he said to Eliph' Hewlitt. "One dollar down and \$1 a month. That won't be but four months from now, and if Mary is goin' to act that way I ain't goin' to die. I'm goin' to hang around an' be a care on her hands."

"You can easily put in four months full reading this book," said Eliph' Hewlitt.

"So I figured," said "By Jocks," "and since I've got to pay for it myself I ain't goin' to drop off until I get my money's worth out of it. I'm a sick man, I am, but I don't have to die 'til I want to, I guess. But if you happen to be around here in four months drop in to my funeral. It's goin' to be good. I made all the arrangements myself."

"I'll be glad to," said Eliph' Hewlitt, politely. "If it comes off, but I guess it won't. I don't wonder you feel like dying now when you haven't had a copy of this book to instruct, cheer and amuse you, out once you get the copy you have bought it will be different. A man can't take no satisfaction in dyin' when he feels he has got to leave his copy of Jarby's Encyclopedia of Knowledge and Compendium of Literature, Science and Art, behind him."

THE LITTLE GLASS DUCK.

A Form of Lung Tester Likely to Prove Surprising to Uninitiated. (New York Sun.)

"Step up, ladies and gentlemen; step right up and try the new lung tester, expander and invigorator, and see how much you can blow. You simply place the little bird's tail between the lips like this, taking care not to bite too hard on it, for it is thin and fragile and you might bite it off, and then you blow and see how far you can blow the streams of water from the little bird's beak."

The lung tester that the street faker was thus exhibiting, and upon whose merits he was thus expatiating, was a little blown glass duck, with a body about as big as an almond and with its tail drawn out into a little slender glass tube, through which you blew, the whole being some three or four inches in length.

The faker would fill one of the little ducks from a bowl of water on the stand upon which he carried his stock, and then put the tube to his lips and blow out that tiny stream from the beak at the other end, and then he would fill one of the little ducks and hand it to the man or boy standing nearest and say:

"Now you try. See how far you can blow it."

And every now and then somebody would try it. He would place the duck's tail in his mouth and blow, and find as he blew a tiny stream of water shooting suddenly back into his face; and then the blower would laugh, and everybody around him would, anyway.

It seems that in this particular form of lung tester there is a little hole in the top of the head as well as an opening in its beak, but in explaining the merits of the tester and showing how it works the faker casually holds it in such a way that one of his fingers closes the hole in the top of the head, and so in his demonstrations the water is all blown from the beak.

They cost but a nickel apiece, the glass duck lung testers, and people buy them, apparently with a view to playing on others not in it the little joke that they had seen the cheerful faker play on those who had accepted his kind invitation.



ELIPH HEWLITT SMILED AT THE DYING MAN.